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THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

FOUNDED BY ASA PACKER.

The object of this Institution is to give a thorough education in Civil, Mechanical, Mining and Electrical Engineering, in Chemistry, Metallurgy, the Classics, and in General Literature.

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ROBERT A. LAMBERTON, LL.D.,

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOLUME XI.



* * * EDITORS. * * *

SEPTEMBER, 1891, TO APRIL, 1892.

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Edwin Dodge, '92, Business Manager,
Robert Reed Kitchel, '92, Alumni Editor,
Hiram Dryer McCaskey, '93, Exchange Editor,
Schuyler Brush Knox, '93, Local Editor,
Morris Llewellyn Cooke, '94, Secretary,
George Price Case, '92,
George Harwood Frost, '93,
Aubrey Weymouth, '94.

APRIL TO JUNE, 1892.

Hiram Dryer McCaskey, '93, Editor-in-Chief,
Charles Hazard Durfee, '93, Business Manager,
Schuyler Brush Knox, '93, Exchange Editor,
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SINCE JUNE 1, 1892.

Schuyler Brush Knox, '93, Editor-in-Chief,
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EDITORIAL.

THERE has of late been some talk of the entrance of the University of Pennsylvania into the Lacrosse League, and while we understand that this is not at all a settled fact, we think that Lehigh should do all in her power to bring about such a step. There would at once result two benefits should this occur and it seems almost unnecessary to state what they are. Leaving out of consideration the advancement which the sport would receive in the event of another college team entering into yearly competition for the championship, there would be a direct local effect upon this college and upon lacrosse here, and it is of this that we particularly speak.

Whatever the relations are or have been between this institution and Pennsylvania, it is certain that athletic interests will be enhanced by a closer communion between the two; for Pennsylvania is a near neighbor and as such deserves full attention in matters athletic—an attention which she has received in the past and which she should receive in the future. Consequently, whenever it lies within the power of Lehigh management to increase the connection, the opportunity should not be lost.

Freshman classes and one from the present Sophomore class, and we desire to remind our undergraduate readers not only of the advisability, but of the duty of trying to fill these positions. The first, because the task of an editor is not an unpleasant one and carries with it a vast amount of experience, which will in after life prove of great service to the man who is willing to undertake it. The second, because the college periodical, as has been said numberless times in these columns, lives only through the active support of the students.

We make this announcement in due time and hope that it will be heeded. Competition for the board has not been dead during the past year, by any means; possibly it has been better than usual, but in such matters there cannot be taken too lively an interest, and should the whole college strive to fit themselves for the ten places on the board we should consider it a happy state of affairs.

WHILE the foot-ball season was in progress a committee of five, if we remember rightly, was appointed to draw up a petition to the faculty and decide on a scheme for an advisory athletic committee. These gentlemen, after performing the first part of their task satisfactorily, decided to lay over the matter of an advisory committee until later, for reasons judged sufficient at the time. Now,

IN two months the new board of THE BURR will be elected and on them will rest the responsibility of sustaining and promoting the character of the paper. There will be two vacancies each from the present Junior and

however, we think the time is ripe for the committee to lay before the college a practicable scheme whereby athletics at Lehigh may be managed on a wider basis; wider, because in the event of the selection of an advisory board the opinion of the college will be more generally voiced in matters of training and the like, by those who will be presumably competent to judge.

There has been, since the idea originated, some discussion as to the composition of such a body, and if there be any who wish to offer suggestions on the subject THE BURR gladly offers its columns for that purpose. The baseball and lacrosse seasons are so close at hand that it would seem almost necessary to settle the question in the near future, and we urge the committee appointed to consider the matter faithfully.

THE Young Men's Christian Associations have been urged to coöperate with the University Extension officers and aid them in their work, and the arguments advanced are that the associations are possessed of the features which will allow them to do this. Chief among these are, of course, the association buildings and libraries.

We think this brings up a thought or two in connection with the work of college Christian Associations and especially of that at this

institution and the good it may accomplish. A glance over the colleges where these organizations have been most successful will at once reveal the secret of their success. Murray Hall, the headquarters of the Philadelphian Society at Princeton, stands out as one of the main features of Princeton College, not only architecturally, for that is, perhaps, a small matter, but as part of the very nature of the place. It affords means of progress to the society which would certainly not otherwise exist and it is a cheer and comfort to every student who seeks education within the walls of Princeton. And so it is at other institutions. The organization at Lehigh is of tender age, but its influence has already been felt, and strongly, and so rapidly has it advanced that we think it not premature to direct its attention to still greater achievements. Nor is it a matter which interests only the association and its members. Those who have not spent any length of time at colleges where these advantages are possessed may not be able to appreciate their benefits, but those benefits are no less real. And the disadvantage of having no dormitories nor social gathering place on the campus only makes the need more apparent. It would take the society years and years to accomplish such a task; cannot the entire college, students, faculty, and trustees combine to start a fund and thereby satisfy a real want?

THE LOSING OF O'HARA.

HE did not realize his condition, or he would not have attempted to drive home. But he was most gloriously "full."

I have been told of such occasions wherein the human trusted to the brute in the matter of knowing the correct road, but he did not have such a horse. I think the species is extinct, anyhow; at least, his horse was not so educated.

Moreover, there was no chance for the exercise of any such faculty, for the night was one in which a cat and a bat, with an owl between them, could not have gone, arm in arm, a dis-

tance of ten feet, with all their combined knowledge and experience. The elements were, most assuredly, in the supremacy, and the animal kingdom weren't even spectators. It was too dark. The wind was full of snow and sleet, and was blowing as hard as it could in short gusts, in hope, I guess, of ridding itself, at the end of each gust, of its burdens, according to the laws of inertia, but never succeeding, for they only slid on into the next one.

Our friend O'Hara was far from home, for he and his team had wandered somewhat.

Upon the event of his buggy's tipping up on

one side and the consequent stopping of the horse, he stuck his head out into the weather, and then, after not being informed as to what was the matter, by some one created and put there for the special purpose, he forgot about it and ventured the remark:

"Don' know 'nuff ticummin outerain!" and, pulling in his head and settling back in his seat, he proceeded to go to sleep.

The horse started on and the carriage went farther up on its one side. The next moment O'Hara was thrown from the middle of a dream of being closed up in a folding bed into about two feet of water.

Awakened and somewhat sobered by the transition, he thought a little upon regaining his feet, and the result was that he waded towards where he heard the sound of his horse stumbling on. Relieved of his weight and having gotten past the rock that had nearly upset it, the buggy was now in the middle of the road, where O'Hara found it a minute later.

A little less befuddled, he led the horse on to get out of the water. They went some distance without change in the scenery under foot, when he suddenly bethought him that this must be the hollow he had heard the lumbermen talk of, for no other place around could have had such a gathering together of liquid in one place. And then he thought how far he was from home, and no one near for miles. And how was he to get out of these lumber trails back to the roads he knew? He had never been in this place before, but he knew there was a cross-road near the hollow, one of the roads running deeper into the woods, the other leading out by a short cut.

You will perceive that he was becoming quite sober. He was able to reason; but perhaps it would have been better for him had he remained drunk, for men sometimes do more foolish and more senseless things of themselves than at the dictation or under the influence of John Barleycorn.

They came upon the cross-roads not much

farther on, after they had emerged from deeper water to where there were only two or three inch puddles. With extreme difficulty O'Hara climbed up a slippery embankment that was between the roads, to find a signboard. He hunted and by persistent feeling found one nailed upon a tree. He could not read it, for no light could have lived in such a storm; so he knocked it off in order to take it down to his buggy where he might be able to make a light. When he had wrenched it from the tree he found there was another upon the other side. Oh, yes, he'd have to take that one, too. The first might not be able to tell him all he wanted to know. He knocked it off, too, in a second, and felt for some more, but that was all.

A-ha! he'd soon be home now, he chuckled to himself, and slid down the bank. It struck him that some one else might need these signboards, and perhaps he ought not to have taken them down, but then it wasn't likely any one else would be lost there soon again, and besides, how else was he to read them? Well, he'd put them back, some day, with an electric light over them; only let him get his eyes on the way home now.

Climbing into the buggy, he lit some matches and, after hard work, succeeded in reading what they had to tell. One said: "7 Miles to Lewistown." The other: "3 miles to Houck's Mill." The latter was the road he ought to take, and he told himself so aloud. Then he thought a little while and repeated the information. Then he got out and kicked himself. And then he stood still for a long time.

Why? Well, if you can tell which sign belongs to which road, since he has separated them, you had better start out to find him and tell him, for he knows no more than he did before. He may be standing there yet. He gave no signs of moving when we left him there cursing his luck for being of Irish descent.

I hope O'Hara has found himself. I have lately heard he did, and that he tells this story himself.



WHY are some men funny? This question worries and puzzles me as much as a war with Chile does the Secretary of State. Some people are always ready to turn any remark into a joke, or tell stories that may cause a laugh, no matter how much they hurt another's feelings. I asked the Poet one day what he thought about the matter. Now this personage is never at a loss for a reply. Constant pressure on his mighty brain has only cultivated its fertility, and ideas come to him with the same rapidity and just as suddenly as your feet fly from under you on an icy pavement.

"Well, I don't know," he began—modesty forbade otherwise—"a funny man isn't always funny, is he?" I nodded. "And the Kodak Man has been known not to snap," he remarked parenthetically. "There's a difference between funny men," he continued after a pause; "I've known some, who have the reputation of being funny, make people laugh as though their sides would split. These men, in fact, could not say a serious thing in the opinion of many. Every remark was found to contain some mirth-inspiring element. On the other hand"—looking straight at me—"I have heard some really witty sayings and good stories from others, who are not generally known by their humorous tendencies, pass entirely unnoticed. But that is the way with the world. If you want to succeed you must first be popular."

I began to think our poet quite a sensible fellow. I regretted not having a more personal acquaintance with him, and resolved to

cultivate his more intimate companionship.

"Some men are funny because it is their business to be such," he said; "others, because they cannot help it, and yet others, because they don't know any better. This latter class have their ludicrous propensities so thoroughly incorporated within themselves that they at once appear ridiculous, and that is what you are going to do if you attempt to discuss this question. So long."

* * *

I have been loitering in the janitor's room for some time past in the hope that I might gather together some of the stories afloat concerning the Freshman and his antics, in order to set before our readers one or two of his more brilliant doings. This may seem a late season of the year to attempt to add anything new to a well stocked market, yet it must be remembered that anything of a brassy nature gathers verdigris by age, and that there are many incidents which are really amusing that escape the notice of the college at large.

A Freshman came to an instructor in drawing a few days ago, and, with an air of one who had made a valuable as well as startling discovery, said that something was the matter with the drawing paper. The ink persisted in spreading all over the sheet. The instructor examined a well-penciled design with two remarkably broad ink marks upon it. It did not take him long, however, to account for that peculiar phenomenon, and now that Freshman knows better than to work on blotting paper.

Here is another: "Is Mr. Stoek the author of stoichiometry?"

WHO KNOWS BUT GOD?

WE stood ready. I could see his outline against the blackness of the woods behind him. Save a little that lurked on the edge of the west, there was no other light than the stars above, and they shone with a fierceness that made them as bright as the moon that was missing the scene. But, dim as it was, it sufficed for us, for, when life and honor and happiness are hanging on a dread result, and that of a single second, a man's eyes forget the power of a cat's.

We were alone. It was so for the reason that up to the very moment when I had declared that I, too, loved her, we had been each other's bosom friend and nothing had ever come between us. Moreover, we were to decide what now concerned but three, her and Tom and me.

Why—why did we take upon ourselves what was her right alone? Oh, why did we fall into that mistake that always points the moral, that it is humanity's greatest pride to sometimes hold fate in her hands?

We raised our arms at the chosen signal, for there came to us, waiting, the sound of the bell in the church-tower down in the valley, the self-same church in which each had hoped to lead her, a bride, to the altar.

The bell rang on, and little, indeed, did the old sexton think, as he leaned to the rope, that the tenth tone that would go forth from the belfry, first crossing the valley and climbing the hill, then peacefully coming through the woods, would at last, when it reached the clearing by Madman's Cliff, be the sign for the end of one of two young lives.

The bell rang on, and slowly, too slowly for us. We heard the sounds follow one another. Seven! eight! nine! And hardly had the first vibration of the fated next struck our ears when it was drowned by our pistols.

* * *

It all happened in the fraction of a second. Our eyes had been so riveted on one another that we had not seen, until too late, the white

figure rush between us, and there it lay upon the ground. An instant and we were both kneeling at its side.

It was she—she for whom we fought, and she had come to save—yes, which?

She lay upon her face as dead, and from a wound upon her back the blood was flowing fast.

We both stood up and raised our glaring eyes. No sooner had we met each other's gaze than we were in a clutch of death. The way we fought was like wild beasts, or, more to a truth, like the fiercest of all wild beasts, maniacs, madmen.

We bit and tore each other's flesh, and struck and strained and wrenched with such a strength that now I cannot realize was either Tom's or mine. How long it was I do not know, nor can I ever tell. As to my *mind*, I might as well have been another, an entirely different being, for through and in the midst of all, and calm as if in ease and rest, I tried to reason out and find for which of us she came.

But still more strange, it was not as a lover true, who cannot reason, that I thought. I did not try to blind myself. I did not jump at once at the conclusion that it was myself she had come to save, and then attempt to strengthen that by what would merely have been my interpretation of her manner to me in time gone by. No, it was as another, unconcerned, would reason from the facts, from what had happened there.

It comes back to me now, and the memory is distinct, that whenever I hit upon an idea, or came to a conclusion in my thoughts, my body would, without the effort of will, put forth extraordinary exertion, simply to gain a position from which my eyes could view whatever spot upon the scene I wished to see, to aid in either dismissing or confirming what my mind had conceived.

Thus my brain did work and reason. She had run between and was wounded in the back. Whose ball had struck her, mine or

his? To which of us might she have turned her back? She lay upon her face, and there was naught to tell from that in what position she had been before she had so fallen. What mattered it? If known, what would it prove? But hold! Would it not be most natural—would it not be beyond a mere conjecture to suppose that, being a human creature and a *woman*, she would face a danger that was threatening one she loved? Her back would then have been to him. His hand had done the deed. Most surely there was something here. It pointed to a *him*, but, yet again, what was to tell which of us that one was? If it were I (there were *two* shots), then where had Tom's spent bullet gone? If it were he, where mine? Perhaps that missing ball had lodged somewhere. A tree-trunk still might hold it, for it must have hit near one of us. Its whereabouts would then tell all.

"I must find it—I will find it!" And the sound of these words I had uttered aloud brought me back to myself.

Hardly had I felt this change than well I knew that I had lost my madman's strength. Weaker and weaker my efforts grew, and soon I felt that it would not be long before I would be thrown to death, for we were now upon the brink, and high, indeed, is that bold cliff.

I saw my fearful, dreadful fate, and concluded I was lost, when, at a moment that I

thought almost my last, the hold upon me of a sudden loosened entirely, and Tom fell from me to the ground. I stood above him for a time, and as I stood I gazed most hard, for things began to work inside my head. One thing, at least, grew plain, if others were made more confused.

I found the other bullet's place. *My ball had pierced his heart. His* was that which had struck her. *Him* she had come to save.

And with that the conviction stole upon me that Tom, after all, was the lover, real and true, and I wondered not that I had been able to so coolly consider it all, and that he had been so crazed, and had fought him with such—but the *bullet*, the bullet in his heart!

Had I been wrestling with naught but a dead body, and had my own madness made it seem real, or was it so? By heaven above, it was too real, for now I did begin to feel the evidence of his strength upon my own sore body.

But what manner of man was he who could live with such a wound? Perhaps his love had been so great it made his heart beat on a space. Love hath done greater things than that.

Who knows but God?

With the sound in my ears that a galloping horse was madly coming nearer, *I fell and my senses fled.*

CALENDAR.

February 5.—Sophomore Class Supper at Hotel Allen.

February 6.—Epitome Board meets at 7 30 P. M. at Delta Phi House.

February 7.—Meeting of Christian Association in Gymnasium at 6.30 P.M.
Bible Class meets at 3.30 P. M.

February 9.—Dinner of Lehigh Club of New York at the Arena, West 31st Street.

—The annual under-class banquets at Cornell, with their attendant mischief, will probably not be held this year. In place of the Sophomore banquet a cotillion will be given.

—The oldest student at Harvard is in the graduate school. He is 77 years old, graduated from Yale in 1834, and is now at Harvard especially to hear lectures on Dante and Italian art.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous communications published.]

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—Your editorial in THE BURR of January 21 on Mr. Grammer's letter is, perhaps, as complete an answer as could be desired, and yet there are one or two points to which I should like to call attention.

In the first place, let me state that I am most decidedly a lover of the beautiful in art. I am happy to say that I can thoroughly enjoy and appreciate a piece of good work, be it from the painter's or sculptor's hand, and no one would be better pleased than myself to see on Lehigh's campus a truly artistic memorial of the type proposed, and cheerfully would I give to the full extent of my ability did I not believe the statements made in Prof. Williams' open letter to be fully borne out by the facts in the case.

Who is Mr. Grammer, that he should take it upon himself to attribute uncharitable motives to one who has time and again shown himself a stanch friend of Lehigh's interests? The appeal to the alumni for funds for this memorial, following, as it did, closely upon the heels of the news that free tuition would soon be a thing of the past, seemed like adding insult to injury, and I can point to more than one Lehigh alumnus in this city who echoed Prof. Williams' sentiments and felt grateful that he had so vigorously given them publicity.

Of course, Mr. Grammer has the right to express an opinion, if it be given as such, but when he condemns every man who is not to his views and tastes as a "dolt" he shows himself as being a man of very narrow views, to say the least.

The most "appropriate expression of appreciation of Asa Packer's munificence" we can make is to show in our work that he made no mistake in opening to us avenues which might otherwise have been barred. No monument, be it a bronze statue or a memorial church in which religion is dispensed according to fixed

tenets to a congregation whose attendance is *not* governed entirely by spiritual motives, can add one iota to the fame of a founder who modestly withheld from lending his name to an institution of which he had every reason to be proud.

JOHN S. SIEBERT.

Washington, D. C., January 26, 1892.

MY PIPE.

TWO years old, this little fellow,
 Yet he's strong and sweet and mellow.
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 Always sharing joy and sorrow,
 Sticking by me like a brother,
 Soothing far more than a mother,
 Two years old, and yet quite ripe—
 My little, bulldog, briar pipe.

Yes, he goes to church on Sunday
 (Oftentimes to worse on Monday),
 Then, of course, he's under cover.
 Yet this patient little lover,
 Grumbling, hateful ways disdaining,
 Ne'er was known to be complaining.
 Two years old, yet strong and ripe—
 My little, bulldog, briar pipe.

Over there at Charlie's soaking,
 Round a social table smoking,
 Pouring over Analytics,
 Talking foot-ball with the critics,
 Making love to German lasses,
 Walking 'midst the crowded masses—
 He is with me, strong and ripe,
 My little, bulldog, briar pipe.

Cheer and comfort always lending
 With his curling smoke ascending,
 Never cold and apathetic,
 Always warm and sympathetic,
 He and I are single-hearted—
 He and I have never parted.
 Yes, I love this strong, this ripe,
 This little, bulldog, briar pipe.

—It has been decided to establish "faculty teas" at the University of Pennsylvania, to be held in the library from four to six o'clock on the last Saturday of the month. They are to be under the auspices of the professors and their wives. All students and friends of the university are to be invited.

FRATERNITY NOTES.

—A chapter of Alpha Delta Phi has been planted in the University of Minnesota.

—The first fraternity chapter house was erected at Kenyon College in 1852.

—Thirty students have been expelled from Heidelberg University for being identified with Greek letter fraternities.

—A legal fraternity of Beta Phi has been established at Dickinson College, by a number of students in the law school.

—It is rumored that Senator Stanford will erect chapter houses for the fraternities now at Leland Stanford University.

—The Sigma Nu's have just moved into quarters on Brodhead Avenue, opposite the Broadway House.

—The annual convention and banquet of the Sigma Phi Fraternity was held under the auspices of the Lehigh Chapter at New York City, on January 5, 1892.

—The Beta Lambda Chapter of Delta Tau Delta has rented a house on Fourth Street and will take possession as soon as the necessary changes have been made.

—At the Delta Upsilon convention, held in Boston, a charter was granted to thirty-two applicants from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the chapter was initiated by the convention.

—In a recent issue of the *Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly*, Mr. W. Raimond Baird, editor of "Baird's Manual of Fraternities," was strongly accused of showing partiality in regard to several fraternities.

—The circulation of the Greek letter magazines is as follows: *Alpha Phi Quarterly*, 250; *Beta Theta Pi*, 1000; *Chi Phi Quarterly*, 750; *Chi Psi Purple and Gold*, 750; *Delta Gamma Anchora*, 250; *Delta Upsilon Quarterly*, 2000; *Kappa Alpha Journal*, 500; *Kappa Sigma Quarterly*, 500; *Theta Delta Chi Shield*, 1000; *Pi Beta Phi Arrow*, 250; *Phi Kappa Shield*, 1000; *Sigma Alpha Epsilon Record*, 500; *Sigma Nu Delta*, 500; *Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly*, 500.

BASE-BALL AND LACROSSE SCHEDULES.

ALTHOUGH the season is well in the future, a number of important games have been arranged by both the lacrosse and base-ball managers. Below will be found the dates as settled up to the present:

LACROSSE.			
April 15,	C. C. N. Y.,	New York	
May 13,	C. C. N. Y.,	Bethlehem	
" 21,	Johns Hopkins,	Bethlehem	
" 28,	Stevens,	Bethlehem	
" 30,	Druids,	Bethlehem	
BASE-BALL.			
April 8,	Dartmouth,	Bethlehem	
" 9,	Princeton,	Bethlehem	
" 20,	Swarthmore,	Bethlehem	
" 23,	Princeton,	Princeton	
" 30,	U. P.,	Bethlehem	
May 7,	Wesleyan,	Bethlehem	
" 11,	U. P.,	Philadelphia	
" 18,	U. P.,	Bethlehem	
" 20,	Cornell,	Ithaca	
" 21,	Cornell,	Ithaca	
" 28,	U. P.,	Philadelphia	
" 30,	Yale,	Bethlehem	
June 3,	Wesleyan,	Middletown	
" 4,	Brown,	Providence	

FOOT-BALL ACCOUNT FOR 1891.

RECEIPTS.	
College subscriptions,	\$ 339 25
Gate receipts,	1759 80
Guarantees,	957 55
Miscellaneous,	402 43
Total,	\$3459 03
EXPENSES.	
Suits and foot-balls,	\$ 535 38
Guarantees,	766 30
Traveling and miscellaneous,	1688 10
Total,	\$2989 78
Balance,	\$469 25
C. M. CASE, Manager.	

—Funds to the amount of \$1,200,000, yielding an annual income of \$70,000, are held in trust for the benefit of deserving students at Harvard. This money is all distributed in fellowships, scholarships, and beneficiary money.

KERNELS.

—McCarty will again train the lacrosse team.

—The Chi Phi's have taken possession of the Hefty Club.

—Bishop Rulison will preach in the chapel on Sunday, February 7th.

—Godshall, '93, has been elected manager of the track athletic team.

—Dr. Coppée has recovered sufficiently to again be able to meet his classes.

—The BURR Board, *Epitome* Board, Glee Club, and Orchestra have recently had their pictures taken.

—The Franklin & Marshall Glee and Banjo Club gave a concert in the Fountain Hill Opera House on January 27th.

—The Sophomore Class will hold their second annual banquet at the Hotel Allen in Allentown on the evening of February 5th.

—The Senior Miners and Metallurgists took a trip to Wilkes-Barre Saturday to visit the mines in that vicinity.

—The Banjo and Guitar Club have resumed their regular practice for the next musicale, and the Glee Club are under the instruction of Prof. Wolle.

—The Junior Class will hold their banquet in Allentown on the first or second Friday in March. The time will be definitely settled at the next meeting.

—A new college badge has just made its appearance. It consists of a triangular shaped flag of brown and white enamel with Lehigh upon it in gilt letters.

—The Junior German Club has organized and will give their german in the gymnasium before Lent. The committee consists of A. S. Maurice, McClung, Atkins, Sawtelle, and Gearhart.

—The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held in the gymnasium on Thursday evening, Jan. 27. The discussion of the revised constitution was the chief business of the evening.

—A committee of the following has been appointed to decide on the Senior Class photographer and make arrangements for the same: Jessup, Cobb, and Masson.

—Those training for base-ball have been divided into classes and are now practicing regularly in the cage. Hawkins, of the Brooklyn team, will probably coach the team.

—The executive committee of the Athletic Association are discussing the advisability of enlarging the athletic field. Prof. Williams and Messrs. Mosman, Leoser, and F. H. Walker have charge of the matter.

—The following will compete for the alumni oratorical prize on Washington's Birthday: Joseph Clinton Ballou, Gilbert Forbes Burnett, Charles Willets Gearhart, Robert Culbertson Hayes Heck, Schuyler Brush Knox, Edwin Clark Reynolds, and George Stern.

—The Minstrel Club has made out a program for its entertainment, and a cast has been selected. One of the members of the committee went to Philadelphia last week and purchased some new songs, burlesques, etc., for which a rehearsal was had on Saturday.

—Richard Harding Davis, ex-'86, has been instructed by the Harpers to make an extended tour of the West this spring and afterwards visit London, for the purpose of writing a series of articles for the *Monthly*, descriptive of these places. The articles will be handsomely illustrated.

—A novel scheme for settling difficulties between the faculty and students of the Northwestern University is in practice there. All differences are submitted to a committee of ten students and five members of the faculty, whose decision is final.

EDITORS' TABLE.

QUIET reigned in the sanctum. The Poet and the Sporting Editor had gone some time ago, and I was alone. On one side of the Table there lay a pile of MSS., and on the other several technical treatises and textbooks. The Editorial Legs were stretched out at ease, and the Editorial Pipe was being puffed slowly and meditatively. I was thinking—aye, actually *thinking*. We find time for that once in a while here—not very often, to be sure, but occasionally. I was wondering what Lehigh's future was to be—whether we would always be a select five hundred, or whether at some happy time the advent of millions into our treasury would so increase the capabilities of the University as to place it first—first of all, at home or abroad—in the engineering professions. This last has always been a fond hope of mine. As the fragrant tobacco soothed and lulled my tired nerves, I fell into musing and reverie. It seemed to me that the hope which I had so fondly cherished as an undergraduate had not been a disappointed one, as I came back to the old campus, years after that bright June day when we stepped from the college portals into the intricate pathways of life to follow our various professions. There were all the old buildings—Packer Hall, nobler than ever, as the graceful ivy enwrapped it entirely in its gentle caresses; the beautiful library, too, was covered with delicate green up to the very battlements. How well the creeping of these class ivies marked the passage of the year! Save these two buildings, and those of the houses of the President and professors across the campus, all seemed changed. The gymnasium would have astonished the men of my college days in its expansiveness. But those other buildings across the little stream—and the additions to the chemical laboratory! Ah, this was the realization of dreams which—hark! Are those the sounds of mandolin and guitar? Surely they seem to come from that open window in

the nearest building; and that is certainly the voice of a college man which rings the old familiar song so clearly through the balmy air. Do those fellows *room* over there?

Have we actually the dormitory system here at last? More distinctly I hear the sounds of the tinkling mandolin; the air is the beautiful "Loin du Bal"—how that dreamy waltz recalls old college days! H'm! I must have been drowsing. But I *did* hear a mandolin and a song. Up from the street came floating the familiar strains, as some college troubadour was passing by. As the last note of the song died away in the distance I fell to musing again—this time to wondering why we had no collection of Lehigh songs. It seemed a pity that all of the various songs which have been written here, with the addition of a few which might possibly be written, should not be put together in some permanent form. We have had a number of excellent medleys written by Mr. Wolle for the Glee Club, and have also several songs, some of which have been set to music, written by undergraduates. These songs, with others, bound as a Lehigh Song Book would do much to stimulate minstrelsy at Lehigh. This is another favorite theme, however, and fearing lest I should yield to gentle sleep again, and perhaps have this air castle delicately dissolved, I determined to awaken the Editorial Functions, and drive away the fascinating torpor which follows a long night's work at the Table.

* * *

There was no particular need of my awakening the Editorial Functions, however; the Sporting Editor had made complete arrangements for *that*, before he left, some hours ago. The various thumb-tacks which he had so carefully placed in the Editorial Chair had not until now been felt—but *now* one particularly vicious chap *was* felt—felt most decidedly. There went forth an Editorial Shriek—then some softly whispered words of love were

breathed from the Editorial Lips, as I remembered what the dominie had read in the chapel the other morning about our loving one another. But, great Scott! Even while forgiving my erring brother, the Editorial Form sat down upon a half-dozen more of those—thumb-tacks of both sizes.

COLLEGE NOTES.

—A dramatic club has been formed at the University of Michigan.

—Cornell has received \$5,000,000 in gifts during the past year.

—Princeton has 980 students, an increase of nearly 100 per cent. since 1885.

—Of the 3000 students at the University of Berlin 800 are Americans.

—Paris has the largest university in the world, containing over 9000 students.

—The Yale and Princeton chess clubs are arranging for a series of games by mail.

—There are 345 officers of government and instruction at Harvard.

—By the will of the late Dr. Kellogg, \$33,000 is given to Amherst.

—President Low has issued an edict forbidding rushes at Columbia.

—A law has been passed in Russia forbidding the gathering of more than seventy students in one theatre.

—Governor Flower, in his message to the New York Legislature, devotes a long section to the subject of University Extension.

—Princeton has lately received a bequest of \$10,000 to be used in securing prominent lecturers for the college courses.

—The University Club of New York numbers 1000 resident and 650 non-resident members.

—The main building of the University of Missouri has been consumed by fire, the loss being \$300,000.

The Table is too dignified a record, however, to relate what it saw the Editorial Physique *do*, or what it heard the Editorial Lips *say*, after the second temptation; nor is it within its immediate province to assert the present condition of the Sporting Editor.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

—Brown and Princeton will meet on the diamond for the first time next spring.

—Cornell will apply for admission to the Intercollegiate Foot-ball League in the spring.

—John Ward has been engaged to coach the Dartmouth nine.

—Over one hundred men are training for the athletic team at Yale.

—Only three members of Harvard's nine are now in college.

—There are fifty candidates for bow in the Princeton 'Varsity crew.

—Williams, Amherst, and Dartmouth are considering forming an athletic league.

—College base-ball was first played at Harvard and Brown. Harvard, '66, defeated Brown, '65, by a score of 27 to 17.

—Murphy, '93, has been appointed temporary captain of the newly organized Princeton crew.

—Davy is building for the Harvard crew a shell weighing 200 pounds, 20 pounds less than that used last June.

—Hale, Harvard, '91, who is taking a course at Cornell, has been elected captain of the Cornell athletic team.

—The University of Pennsylvania has been asked to join the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse League, at present composed of Lehigh, Stevens, and Johns Hopkins.—*Ex.*

—The alumni of Dartmouth have agreed to make an athletic field, rebuild the gymnasium, and aid in the support of all athletic teams, if the faculty will allow them to have control in athletic matters.

DE ALUMNIS.

'89.—J. C. Cornelius, M.E., is with the Atlantic City Railroad Company, Camden, N. J.

'89.—A. L. Rogers, M.E., is with the Electric Pipe Bending Company. Address, Harrison, N. J.

'89.—G. W. Harris, B.S., who was formerly assistant engineer for H. I. Moyer, at Pottsville, Pa., is at present with the Crazer Coal and Coke Co., at Elkhorn, McDowell Co., W. Va.

'90.—F. E. Fisher, C.E., died at Florence, Ala., November 23, 1891.

'90.—Alexander Potter, C.E., has been elected an associate member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

'90.—T. S. Leoser, A.C., was married on January 13, to Miss Mary Helen Schropp, of Bethlehem.

'90.—F. K. Houston, M.E., has offered to illustrate a book to be published by some students of the University of Pennsylvania, containing choice selections from college periodicals. Among the contents will be a sketch by Richard Harding Davis, ex-'86, republished from THE BURR.

CLIPPINGS.

WELL "SUIT"ED.

"BY chimney," the smoke did say,
As the draft flew up the flue,
"I get a new soot every day,
A mixture of black and blew."

—Brunonian.

PLAYING HORSE.

A LITTLE girl I used to know
With innocent and happy heart,
And in the school days long ago
I used to take the driver's part
And she
Played horse with me.

That is a hallowed thought; but now
My soul doth sadly in me sink;
She now a maiden, heard my vow,
But still I'm sad; because I think

That she

"Plays horse" with me.

—Lafayette.

IN THE HISTORY EXAMINATION.

VAINLY he racked his cranial store,
Seeking to find historic lore.
"History repeats itself," said he,
"Oh now repeat thyself to me."

—Brunonian.

LEAP YEAR.

CUPID went courting one summer's day,
Tripping along in his careless way,
Glancing here and glancing there
To find an artless maiden fair.
Searching each nook with eye intent,
All ready to shoot with his bow well bent.

So skipping along through the leafy wood
He came to a place where a fairy stood.
Now Cupid had never seen a fairy
In all his courting along this way,
And when he saw her standing there
He could only gaze in a senseless stare.

She smiled upon him, and simply said:
"If Cupid seeks love, love waits to wed."
The arrow straight from the loose string fell,
For the words of the fairy had broken the spell.
"Love wins," he answered, "at last, I ween,
I have found my match in a leap year queen."

—Brunonian.

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